

Hot Pies

BURNS ON FIRE



Edition 14
August 2003



PREY

PREDATOR

Nathan Buckley wears adidas Predator Precision.



Hot Pies

PO Box 6046, Collingwood North 3066



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Disclaimer

Ever picked the wings off a fly? Do you
think Daics is still good enough to win
a B&F at any other AFL club?
Have you ever thought of James Hird
as a geek Mason made good?

Welcome to Hot Pies, the fanzine put
together by Collingwood supporters for
anyone who can read (or look at
pictures). We are divorced from truth,
balance, objectivity and especially
good taste. Don't take us literally
(sic). Sometimes we resort to
offensive language and with all things
in life, Parental Guidance is
recommended. However if you love the
Pies and are capable of having a
laugh, we hope you enjoy Hot Pies.

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The Trennery Crescent Legacy

We might not play games there anymore but it's good to see that some traditions are alive and well at Vicky Park. This young Magpie is enjoying the free sausages (and beer) at a club night recently. A proud tradition lives on.



Hollywood@Collingwood

It was only going to be a matter of time before the talent scouts of Hollywood started poaching some of the abundant talent at Vicky Park. Watch out for an appearance from our own Alan Didak in the hit movie 'The Real Cancun'. The movie was shot on location at Cancun, Mexico whilst the team was on their end of season trip last year. Didak's cameo scenes include lounging around a resort pool and being a judge in a wet T-shirt competition. Wake up Crawford it looks like that #4 has done you again!



Handbaggers

A couple of the biggest names in the AFL are set to receive 'Please Explain' letters from Hot Pies. The letters are in response to eye witness accounts that both Kevin Sheedy and Wayne Jackson use manbags! Manbags are the male equivalent of a handbag (if there can be such a thing) and are deemed to be detrimental to the image of AFL football. (For the record Malty doesn't use a manbag (it's a zip-up leather satchel.)



40,000 'co-incidences'?

In June this year Collingwood signed up its 40,000th member. In a bizarre co-incidence on exactly the same day and roughly the same time Scott (good to have around the place) Cummings consumed his 40,000th Bourbon and Coke. Well done to all involved.



Rhyce Shaw – a real dish

It was two years between Rhyce Shaw playing his fourth and fifth AFL games. A ridiculous explanation for his prolonged absence has just surfaced. A misunderstanding occurred during a playing list briefing in 2001. The career threatening incident occurred when lunch orders were taken during the top level talks. An unknown sauce claims that Supercoach Malty said 'I don't want Rice Shaw around here again. A no good flop, don't believe the hype, sloppy, undersized and over-rated. Those present at the meeting thought he was talking about Rhys Shaw, the son of Ray. However Malty was talking about RICE SHAW (a popular rice dish in the shape of a Rick Shaw on the menu at the local Chinese take-away). Woops



Clement gets out of hand



Expect to see the conspicuous absence of James (The Animal) Clement at official club functions for the foreseeable future. Clement has been banned from mixing with the public after a series of bizarre off

field antics. The final straw for the club came when he started grabbing old women on the arse when posing for photographs with fans. The victims have remained tight lipped about the whole thing however, Clement insists that its good for members.

Man of the Year ...again!

Another day at the office, another 20,000 sit ups. That's life for Collingwood conditioning coach David Buttifant. Buttifant (pictured right) is as demanding of himself as the rest of the team and is forever an inspiration to those around him.



Useless Stats of 2003 #483

The number of free kicks Taz should have received so far this season that haven't been paid.



(Source: our mums)

Bloodnut Ban

3 Strikes (of a Redhead Match) and you're out

We all know that bad luck and red hair go hand in hand with the time old classics of "we were beaten like a red headed stepchild" and "red hair, no friends".

And yet again, we had a recent example of the curse of the redhead, where 3 AFL bloodnuts were struck down and out with injury in the one week with Leppitsch, Fat Lance and Woolnough all biting the dust. Combine that with the recent tragic "Alfred E. Newman'esque" performance of Geelong's Cameron Dingaling on the Footy Show and it hasn't been a great month for the carrot tops.



It's no coincidence that the Pies have steered away from the "curse of the redhead". A spokesman from the Pies Recruiting Department has spoken candidly for the first time about the "no readhead" policy. "It's just not worth the risk. Sure we got away with a flag with Kerro in 1990 but only with the help of a lot of peroxide. But, the game has evolved since then and you can no longer get away with it. Just look at our other failed attempts of Wild, Hardie and Hyslop."

Yes, in the Pies' assessments of potential recruits, not only do they do the beep, skin fold and vertical leap tests, they do the Pube test. That's right, those wacky hairstyles and bleach & colour jobs of today masquerading as fashion are really being used as a masking agent so the Pies recruiting staff take no chances and have a pants down approach to the caper. So when you hear Noel Judkins praising our next batch of recruits with words such as "he's hard at it" and "he's all balls" you know he's done his homework properly.

Heath-en

Hot Pies isn't afraid to shame and expose some of our black and white champions if it helps them in the long run. We regret to announce that when Heath Scotland isn't wearing footy boots, he chooses to wear Bowling Shoes. Does this explain why he hasn't worn the black and white in recent times?



Earth shattering

Dear Hot Pies,

On Sport927 the other day they were talking to Balme about a photo of him in the paper where he was "laughing his head off". If he did laugh his head off, would this cause an earthquake in China?

Sammy Sizemologist
Warragul

Colour blind

Dear Hot Pies,

I'm concerned that the umpires new colours are ruining the game for supporters. Here's why....

1 - they're getting hit less, and lets face it, seeing an umpire go arse over titt is always good for a laugh, and

2 - I'm struggling with abusive names for the new colours. "White Mongrel or Maggot" just roll off the tongue so easily after years of use. All I can come up with for the other colours don't seem to cut it.

Orange - "You look like a Carrot Stick and you umpire like a vegetable".

Yellow - "You Banana, put on some blue and white striped shorts and we'll call you B1, B2 and B3 (the one they don't talk about)"

Red - "You red commie bastards"

Can you help me out please?

Iva Crapp Junior
Hamilton

Earth shattering

Dear Hot Pies

I was somewhat perturbed by your leftie, pinko anti-war t-shirts.

"Drop Punks not Bombs" - witty but un-Australian. I can't fathom why you didn't run with my idea for "Bomb the Shiite out of 'Em" t-shirts? George loved his so much he finally took his Stunning Steve McKee t-shirt off.

J Howard
Canberra

War torn

Dear Hot Pies

I've been watching the war on TV and must conclude that the outcome was hardly surprising.

The Shiites and Kurds were only ever a letter away from being in a spot of bother!

Scrabble Champ
Oakleigh South

Cheatin' bastards I

Dear Hot Pies

Check out my new website
www.salarycapcheatingbastards.com.au

J Hird
Keilor North

Cheatin' bastards II

Dear Hot Pies

I have heard the Pies are fed up with the AFL and have devised a new plan to counter salary cap issues.

They have recruited top members of the SAS who will be responsible for the kidnapping of key opposition players. The players will help secure a premiership for the Club after which Eddie McGuire will takeover Jacko's job. He will then immediately call for a moratorium on all clubs involved in the kidnapping of opposition players.

I must admit I'm indifferent to this looming threat as long as Eddie stops commentating Collingwood games.

C Wilson
Richmond

Cheatin' bastards III

Dear Hot Pies

I can't see why people think its hard to get Shane Warne back playing for Australia. Simply appoint him head of the ACB's Drug Tribunal with a brief to review all suspensions made in the last six months.

I Collins
Carlton c/o Docklands

Cheatin' bastards IV

Dear Hot Pies

I resent the way you describe John Elliot as a salary cap cheat. This is unfair and unjust. Sure John showed no regard for the rules. Sure he oversaw an elaborate system of under-handed payments. But what people forget is that poor old John never got the opportunity to change the rules. Unfortunately for John he never got a job at the AFL before his cheating was uncovered.

I must correct you on one more thing. I don't mind you calling him "Carlton's biggest salary cap cheat" but I certainly protest when you call him "Carlton's best salary cap cheat". The best cheats don't get caught.

Judge Judy
Docklands

He's a workin' class man

G'day HotPies

I have had a bit of bad luck lately. The job I do is a hard one and it is hard to keep track of time.

I write to you to ask for a donation towards a stop watch as I am a little short of money at this point in time.

Yours Sincerely

J. Barnes
Windy Hill

Bad luck

Dear Hot Pies

Well thanks very much for your last cover, "Tarkyn Lockyer is Go!" Now Tarkyn Lockyer is gone!!

I'm concerned. Is it a coincidence that every time you put a player on the cover they have a spectacular slump in form or go down with a season ending injury? It has made me think about some of you other covers.

For example:

- '2002 Grand Final edition' - jinxed.
- 'Everybody Loves Licca' - he didn't win the Brownlow - jinxed.

- 'Mark Manchild McCough' - rarely got picked for the rest of the season and got given a really bad nickname - double jinxed.
- 'Bucks Cracks Fat' - fell into form slump, got married and had to go on Talking Footy triple jinxed jinx!!

Please remedy this immediately by putting opposing teams on your front cover or profiling some players we can do without, like Athos Hrysalakis and Grant Filke. I have no interest in being involved in a club that's unlucky, particularly if you're the bastards driving the bad luck.

Yours sincerely,
Supercoach

Say what?

Dear Hot Pies

It's not only cheer squads (and club Presidents, Coaches and Players) that can't speak their mind these days, but ordinary supporters too. I was at the Footscray game recently and my son unfurled his banner which read, 'Hot Pies' and everything seemed fine.

Then in the second half I unfurled my banner which read, 'Phillip Ruddock is the son of Satan' only to be told to take it down. Is the footy a democracy or a spectacle?

Yours sincerely,
Anon

Confusion

Dear Hot Pies

I recently read in your publication that the Collingwood cheersquad was searching for young and enthusiastic members.

"Finally, my chance to participate in the club" I thought as I raced down to banner night. Imagine my surprise when I was turfed out after dropping my pants to show them what I consider to be one of the most enthusiastic members of all time.

Please check details more carefully in future.

Dirty Sanchez Jnr. IV

Sometimes we get real letters and this is one of them. It was addressed to 'Mad Mick' and supports his crusade to stand up for something that's important to us all

The Vicky Park Soapbox

Dear Mad Mick,

Clearly, you're not the mad cuckoo type, no, just like me, you're mad, hopping mad. Mad as hell, that Our Home Ground, Our Treasure, Our Old Girl, Our Beloved Victoria Park, is being left to SAVAGES. Heathens. Fascists. Developers. Clown Hallers Boards. Our Board, Our Eddie.

Eddie, Eddie, listen, Please. Listen to the eaves, the creaks, the weeping and the howling, the drain pipes growling, the fences screeching. Listen, Eddie.

You love the Place, too, we know. But the Old Girl is being let go, past her use-by-date, wrinkled, crinkled, ugly, withered and broken-down, replaced by a switched-on gal, so with it, hip, so shiny and new, she wins hands down.

Not much of a contest, really, heh?

Except, Home is Where the Heart Is. And Home to so many dinky-die Pie lovers, is and will always be, the place that beats so strongly in our broken



hearts. Victoria Park. Much loved. But dying. Almost dead and buried. She can no longer stand up and fight her own battles

(Remember when she did! The Enemy trembled and the Lady stood tall!)

Now, the vultures gather, circling, ever circling, eyeing her off hungrily, greedily, as their time draws near. She'll be pulled apart, her bones picked over, crushed and trashed.

It doesn't bare thinking about, does it? Our Home Ground, gone, deserted, forlorn, forever alone, crying in the wind.

We turn to you, Eddie, pleading for her to be saved. Save her, Eddie, not just itty-bitty bits of her, save all of her, because she deserves nothing less.

Lesley

Handy Hint

This is a handy hint for the Cheersquad

In a spot of bother with the banner? Stuck in Brisbane and told to redo the whole thing in a matter of minutes? Do what I do - and keep some burnt cork handy to black out the offending letters.

Burnt cork. Like liquid paper but black!

Sly Wobblyjobs Snr

Good luck

Just in case the decision hasn't been made I'd like to add my support to Andrew's job application. He's the funniest, warmest, most insightful, independent thinker of our time. He nothing like the conservative, populist, conservative moralists that have racked the league in the past.

Regards,
Independent (ha ha) Sub Committee

Far top end

Dear Hot Pies

I can't believe that the newspapers could be stupid enough to think that our players would be stupid enough to try sledging during a footy match against Fremantle or anyone.

First up, I've never seen any snow on the ground at a footy match. How

would you get your sledge to work? Sleigh rides on grass? It would never work. And the sharp tracks would ruin the surface and be a safety hazard. Stop this madness!

Santa Clause
North Pole

MIA heart throb

What happened to Mark "Magna-Man" McCough? He used to be such a spunky horn-bag. Bring back the old version. Please.

Northcote High, Year 11 Netball Team

HOT PIES BOARD NOMINATIONS

Dear Hot Pies,

My vote is for Jennifer Adams, Channel 7 weekend newsreader.

She's drop dead gorgeous.

She can string a few words together, and she's a big Pies fan - I just luurv the way she says to Timmy "I'm very happy with my Pies" at the end of his sports segment.

From, Iva Crushona (President of the Romanian Pies Supporter Club)

Dear Hot Pies

In relation to your quest for a woman in the Boardroom, why stop at one? I'd like to nominate all of these women in the above photograph as I'd

just love to see them in action in the Boardroom. I think it's a great idea that the Pies are opening up their own Gentlemen's Club under the Boardroom Franchise.

Filthy Sanchez

Dear Hot Pies

Vote 1 - DOTTY

An institution at Vic Park (and the Borough, before these VFL amalgamation thingoes).

Dedicated Pies fan (she goes every week)

Knows her footy (often seen having a kick on her own on the terraces at Vic Park)

In touch with the grass roots (roughed it in the outer at Vic Park)

Knows how to handle herself under the spotlight (after all the advances made to her in the past)

From Pete, Bluey, Stinger, Doggy, Marty, Pom and all the other blokes who joined us under the Ryder Stand.

Send letters to:

Hot Pies, PO Box 6046
Collingwood North 3066
or email 'em to:
hotpies@vicnet.net.au

With the proceeds of the sale of the 'Stunning Steve McKee' t-shirts the Hot Pies executive visited some famous Pieheads around the world and asked the groundbreaking question....

'How are the Pies going?'



How would I know, I've lost interest in footy ever since Bucks got hitched ... what's Tania like?
J-Lo, From the Block



I love watching the Pies. They inspire me to try new hairstyles. B.K. 's 'Bedhead' look has a lot of potential.
Becks, Spain



There's a kid by the name of Craig Starcevich going around. I think he could become the next Allan Edwards.
Danni, Nunawading (1988)



You don't have to be Magnum PI to know Malty was flirting with his Mojo when he shaved off his mo. Luckily the mo is back in town and so are the Pies.
Tom, Hawaii



Forget the Pies, to me it's all about Willie. Willie, Willie, Willie that's all my ladies care about. Now thanks to Foxtel I can give them all the Willie they want. Carn the Seagulls Eddie (the other one), LA



Are you gonna buy a pie or not?
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Burns on Fire

It would be impossible to be a Pies fan and not be a fan of Scott Burns.

For as long as many 10 year olds can remember Scotty has worn the Black and White with pride and become the epitome of courage and football greatness.

However It may surprise many Collingwood supporters to discover that Scott had a life before he arrived at Victoria Park. It's the story of how a kid from Adelaide overcame tremendous social disadvantage (read: living in Adelaide) to become a Black and White hero.

Scott was born at an early age Scott grew up quickly (as most toddlers do). Even as an infant, Scott was a tuff nut. Child birth is the most painful experience in a woman's life (supposedly), imagine what it must be like for the baby.

Yet when baby Scotty came into the world he did so without as much as a wimper. Not because it didn't hurt, but because even at the earliest stages in life Burns was tuff.

Immediately following the delivery the delivering Physician slapped the infant Scotty repeatedly to get a response from the new born child, yet he still didn't cry, It wasn't until a nurse noticed the baby smirk in a way that said, 'I'm not afraid of you Doc' that the savage beating ceased.

As if a complete contrast to the brash, outspoken, controversial trash talker we know today, Scott was a quiet and introverted child. People would often remark to Mrs. Burns, 'gee Scott's a quite and introverted child'. Part of this shyness might have had something to do with a grotesque aspect to Scott's appearance that he

suffered from as a young boy. When Burns was younger he had red hair.

Being a ginger-minge is a tough break for any youngster, but being in Adelaide with Tomato Sauce testis can be particularly difficult. Adelaide is a world famous Bogan breeding ground.

The locals there would have had no appreciation for some of the famous carrot tops in history. People like

Bert Newton, Woody Allen, Mark Woodforde and Rhonda Burchmore.....to name but a few.

Instead of being cared for and nurtured as the prodigy he has proven to be, he was teased and tormented by his peers and ignorant locals.

However taking on tormentors didn't faze the young firebrand, it came naturally. He found

the perfect outlet for his twisted childhood angst. That outlet was the footy field.

When he pulled on the boots he didn't just tackle opponents, he tackled social intolerance. When he kicked the ball, he

was also kicking the aesthetic judgement system and when he kicked goals, he kicked goals for social outcasts everywhere.

Burns quickly rose through the ranks at school and junior footy. He attracted the attention of many talent



When he took the field
he didn't just tackle opponents,
he tackled social intolerance

scouts before he was ironically picked up by the South Australian club, Norwood.

Ironically because Norwood is known as the Red Legs and not only did Scott have red legs but he also had red arms, a red head and red pubes.

The Collingwood talent scouts at the time had also heard Scott's name bandied about and stopped drooling at the untapped potential of Aaron James and Lee Walker for just long enough to see what all the fuss was about. They liked what they saw,

Luckily for us they got one right for a change and brought Burnsy to Collingwood. The strawberry blonde bombshell was an outcast from the moment he stepped foot onto the hollowed turf at Victoria Park.

He was tough, skillful, and smart, traits that were in scarce supply at Lulie St. at the time. Apart from the fab four (Richo, Bucks, Presti and Brown) Burns was surrounded by duds.

When he looked to his teammates for inspiration his eyes would have been looking at the likes of Godden, Ballantyne, Tarp, Croall, Tranquilli, Shepherd, Alexander, Crow, McDonald, Sharky, Hassle, Houlihan, Plain, Rowe, Ryan, Ahmat, Francis, Lidell, Dermie and Hotton.

If this doesn't exemplify the commitment and constitution of Scotty than nothing does. Throughout his entire career Scott's signature has been his guts.

However unlike another famous Scotty currently waltzing around the place, it was not the size of Scotty's stomach that drew gasps from thousands of fans, but his courageous feats on the playing arena. Never shirking a hard ball he makes the simple things look easy.

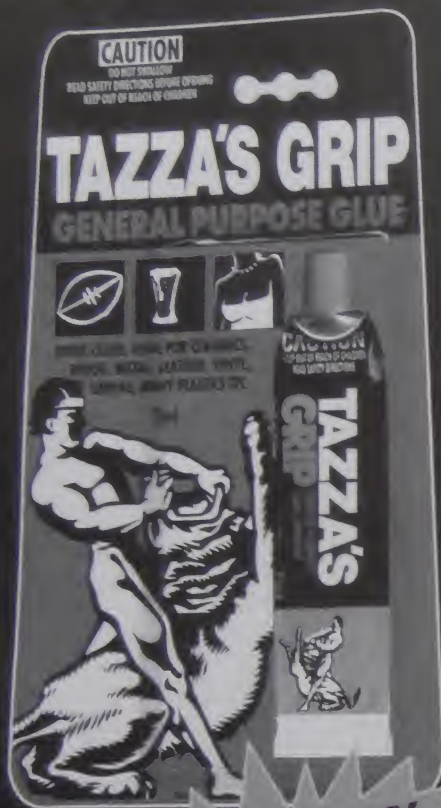


It hasn't always been 'beer and skittles' for the rugged Number 17. Chronic hamstring problems threatened to cut his remarkable career short only a few years ago, but thanks to a radical therapeutic solution (stretching) he fought through the hardships in typical Burnsy style and now we can all reap the rewards.

If anyone in this team has earnt the right to football success then it's Burnsy. He has stuck with the club through thick and thin and deserves all the success that will surely come his, and the teams way.



The good ol' days as Shawry explains another set play



BEFORE:



GRIP YOUR BALLS!

Footies, babes or beers. Don't let them slip through your fingers like Essendon's finals hopes. Make it stick with Tazza's Grip. It bonds instantly to any surface and is available at all good backyard chemists anywhere.

AFTER:



CAUTION: DO NOT APPLY DIRECTLY TO BALLS



dirtysanchez

To the purists it was Williamstown vs. Frankston, away, but to Hot Pies regular correspondent Dirty Sanchez it was much bigger than that, it was

Willie in Frangers



Dirty Sanchez leads the boys off after getting them up in Frangers

It was with some trepidation that I made the trip down the Nepean Highway to watch the Towners play Frankston.

It's a well known fact that Willie isn't comfortable in Franga's and the results speak for themselves. Willie hasn't got up in Frangers in over ten years. Put simply Willie doesn't like coming in Frangers and wouldn't do it if they had the choice.

The early signs weren't good for Willie. The big day started with a climax, an anti-climax when the team bus arrived at the ground an hour early. As so often happens Willie came too soon.

When the ball was bounced it was obvious that Willie had come to play. Always a difficult assignment down there, the game was tight in the first quarter. This didn't seem to worry the boys. Willie seems to like it when things are tight and hard.

At quarter time there was nothing in it (which was a bit of a disappointment). Gotchy's message to the boys was simple 'keep your head over the ball' he screamed.

This got Willie pumped. This was more than a mere game plan, it was a design for life.

Willie was stiff in the first half and had a narrow lead at half time. In fact they were stiff in the second half too when they were ahead by eight goals. However credit where it is due, Willie found Franger's difficult to shake off.

As to be expected Willie eventually rose to the occasion and gave Frangers the slip thanks to a couple of sensational running goals to B.K, inspiring ruck play by Cam and psychic play reading by Stinky.

Since this milestone victory Willie has been 'UP' for most of the season. Frangers isn't the only outfit to struggle with Willie's potency. Let's hope that Willie can stay up all the way to September.

The rise and fall of Bobby Rose

Footsteps doesn't mind jumping a bandwagon and this month we join the queue and tip the hat to Collingwood Leeeeee-end Bobby "by any other name would still smell as sweet" Rose who is now watching games from up in the Gods. (no, not row DD in the Great Southern – he died)

For most of the hard men of football, fear and hatred are part of the same package. But for some inexplicable reason, in spite of Footsteps best efforts at muckraking, it seems no one has a bad word to say about Bob.

Even Ruby Raines (71 of Nyah West where Bob grew up) who initially told Footsteps that Bob had maliciously bullied her brother Stan throughout primary school, broke down and recanted these claims in the face of detailed questioning

In tears, she admitted she only made up the story because she was still pissed at him for not accepting her offer of a pash behind the shelter sheds in 1937. (Told you we dug)

Now you might say it's because of his recent demise, no one likes to speak ill of the dead and all that. So in the pursuit of truth, if you've got any dirt on Bob send an e-mail to footsteps@dumpingonrose.com.au

However testimonials from past greats of the game have been nothing short of glowing and none have failed to mention his toughness.

"He was as hard as goats knees... we all loved him." Tom Hafey



Hard as nails and a damn good-looking bloke to boot

"He was a superman... and hard as old boots." Des Tuddenham.

"...a man's man and a real gentleman... and hard as my wife's rabbit stew." Tony Shaw.

"He had an aura about him that demanded respect... and was hard as a Rubix cube..." Doug Hawkins.

"you knew you were in the presence of greatness... and he was as hard as patting your head and rubbing your stomach at the same time." David Parkin.

It's just like the old saying; when the going gets tough it can be pretty tough going. And the toughest going going was toughing it out during one of the toughest tough spots ever. What I'm trying to say is that Bob grew up in the Great Depression.

That's to say Bob was not handed things on a silver platter. In fact he was rarely handed things at all. He usually had to go and get them himself. Sometimes he had to fight one or all of his six siblings for whatever it was he wanted to get.

This good early practice at getting things was of course invaluable later in life on the footy field. He would get the footy and then he would get goals. In short his upbringing made him into a natural footballer.

As a young lad Bob rose early in the mornings and worked long days for his uncle. He began a career as a boxer and Bob rose quickly through the ranks. That was before he discovered he could make reasonable money

and be at far less risk of brain damage playing footy. At 18 he started in the Collingwood reserves but by the end of the year, Bob had risen to senior level.

Bob played his footy like an albino wharfie, tough but fair. His courage was never questioned. He wasn't thrown off his game by niggling injuries like osteitis pubis, tendonitis or a broken collarbone. He played 132 consecutive games (including a handful of appearances for the Big V) in his career of 152. He also won 4 Copeland trophies which seems to indicate he had a good deal of talent as well.

The conventional wisdom is that as a coach he was "incredibly unlucky". That's the nice, "recently departed" way to put it. Far be it from us to dump the bucket, but it must be said that more than any other coach, (except perhaps Hafey) Rose was responsible for the "Colliwobbles" (now, like Rose, buried).

He presided over three narrow Grand Final defeats where the Pies snatched defeat from the jaws of victory: 1964, 4 points to Melbourne, 1966, 1 point to St. Kilda, 1970, 10 points to Carlton. Absolutely heart breaking – ask your Dad about it.

We can hardly blame Bob for these – I mean how does a coach choke? – though he would have us blame no one else. That's the sort of bloke he was. Never shirk the issue.

It may have been Bob's playing achievements that got him into the AFL Hall of Fame and Pies Team of the Century, but the man has also had a ripple effect on those who came after him. His aura – as Doug "new wave" Hawkins puts it – permeates Victoria Park. He was the legend who inspired legends. He was the block that subsequent Maggie hardmen Murray "The Rock" Weidemann (see Hot Pies issue 9) and Des "Tuddy" Tuddenham were chipped off.

The Rock was a 17 year old, green as autumn grass, youngster in 1953 when Bob had perhaps his best year as a footballer. Premiership, Copeland, Brownlow runner-up, leading goalkicker; it doesn't get much better than that. Truly inspirational stuff. Tuddy played his best 8 years under Rose, 4 as captain, and was a fearless, pack breaking centreman in the same mould.

Bob has always been an inspirational icon to



'Personal safety' was not a term our Bob was very familiar with

Collingwood players. When Rocca won the Robert Rose medal (Bob wanted it named after his son) for his courageous game against the Doggies, big Tony was visibly moved. "That's um...cool," he said. "He's (Bob Rose) like had a stand named after him and everything. And not like a stand at the (Royal Melbourne) Show either, a proper stand where people can sit and watch the footy from. They can't any more but...we don't play there no more. Still he's a legend but."

Just what is it about Bob that transcends time and space and continues to strike a chord with modern day footballers who never saw him play?

Is it his greatness as a player and coach (at least he got us to 3 grannies)?

Is it the dignity and good humour with which he weathered all of life's cruel disappointments (like the 3 grannies)?

Is it that Bob reminds us that we grow and learn more through adversity than we do through university?

Footsteps doesn't have a clue and intends these as rhetorical questions anyway.

Footsteps does know that cancer surely is a bugger and the only thing that ever knocked Bob down.

Bob always rose to the occasion. Amen.

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bobbyrose

by Ramon Dojbb

Memories of our Bob

For the first 8 years of my life, Bobby Rose was coach of Collingwood. When you are an 8 year old and you are told Bobby is the boss of Collingwood, this sticks in your mind forever.

With that as my introduction to Bobby (and all from my generation), it is little wonder that he became "The Rock" of Collingwood.

When I look back on the hurly burly since the '60s, Bobby Rose just always seemed to be there for Collingwood in times of need, on the field, as a coach, as a committeeman and as a supporter. The tributes in the papers and at the memorial service say it all. So here's a different perspective from just one of the Magpie Army.

I remember....

- the pictures in the Sun of Bobby putting my idol, Peter McKenna, through a searching fitness test in 1971 before the big Hawthorn game. I reckoned then that anyone who could tell Macka what to do must be bloody good.
- At the 1985 AGM where he called for "loyalty off the field and fair dinkum Collingwood stuff" from supporters. As usual he was right, he probably heard a mob of us pissed blokes bagging his coaching one day at Vic Park in 85 when he dragged a bloke from the back pocket as the ball surged towards the opposition goals with us one short.
- In 86 after he stood down as coach he was a trustee and public face of the "Winter Offensive" fund to address our offensive balance sheet and profit and loss statements. I helped out in my own special way with many donations over the bar at the social club.
- Speaking of the social club, he



was always pushing Robert Jnr around in his wheelchair but occasionally delegated duties to former cricket buddies and Pies supporters, Hoggy & McArdle. One night, very late and after far too many sherbets, the boys had a bit of fun on the 3rd floor contemplating taking Robert down the stairs.

• Another social club memory was when an impatient mate could barely hold on after what seemed an eternity waiting for the toilet cubicle to be vacated. After a verbal outburst from my mate, the door finally opened and an unflustered Bobby Rose strolled out

in taking it all in his stride - thankfully my buddy didn't take it in his strides.

- seeing that smile in those photos and videos of Bob and Robert on October 6 1990 after the drought breaking GF win that he probably thought he may never see.
- seeing him at a shopping centre a year or two ago with my young Pies daughters and pointing him out telling them, "he's a Collingwood legend" and giving him an "On ya Bobby", and getting that humble but proud Collingwood smile in return.

• reading "The Rose Boys" and understanding the meaning of life. On the day of his memorial service, I was driving home from a brief holiday from Mt Beauty. As a mark of respect I wore my Pies 2003 Membership Cap for the day and fittingly as we drove towards the Hume Freeway, we passed through a little town called Rosewhite. That's right, on a "black" day for Collingwood, we drove through Rosewhite, which said it all to me - Rose, Black & White.

Go Pies.

Anonymous.



Louie the Lip



HOT PICS • HOT PICS
NO. 14 •

#	Name	Born	Height	Weight	Games
1	Leon Davis	17/6/81	178	82	56
2	Shane Woewodin	12/7/76	185	83	138
3	Mark Richardson	31/10/72	196	103	141
4	Alan Didak	15/2/83	182	84	24
5	Nathan Buckley	26/7/72	181	83	104
6	Brodie Holland	3/1/80	180	77	71
7	Jarrod Molloy	12/5/76	189	98	149
8	James Clement	4/9/76	190	92	129
9	Glenn Freeborn	6/2/73	183	81	135
10	Rupert Betheras	23/11/75	181	85	76
11	Shane O'Bree	15/3/79	180	80	81
12	Steve McKee	20/6/78	199	104	63
13	Richard Cole	15/7/83	182	93	9
14	Shane Wakelin	12/8/74	191	95	140
15	Bo Nixon	25/7/84	191	84	-
16	Tom Davidson	3/2/83	192	86	-
17	Scott Burns	23/12/74	181	83	138
18	Paul Licuria	4/1/78	179	86	92
19	Andrew Williams	1/1/79	183	81	84
20	Chris Tarrant	18/12/80	193	89	85
21	Guy Richards	21/3/83	200	91	-
22	Rhyce Shaw	16/10/81	180	82	4
23	Anthony Rocca	15/8/77	195	106	144
24	Tarkyn Lockyer	30/10/79	178	75	81
25	Josh Fraser	5/1/82	202	95	67
26	Ben Johnson	5/4/81	183	79	53
27	Mark McGough	22/6/84	188	88	17
28	Ben Kinnear	27/2/79	193	101	38
29	Heath Scotland	21/7/80	181	80	43
30	Luke Mullins	24/12/84	187	80	-
31	Luke Shackleton	17/11/84	179	89	-
32	David King	2/2/85	183	81	-
33	Cameron Cloke	20/12/82	195	95	-
34	Jason Cloke	6/5/82	189	94	23
35	Simon Prestigiacomo	31/1/78	193	95	114
36	Dane Swan	25/2/84	183	85	-
37	Ryan Lonie	4/3/83	190	91	39
38	Tristen Walker	11/4/84	195	81	-
39	Matthew Lokan	20/11/82	185	85	-
40	Justin Crow	16/7/83	196	87	-
41	Nick Maxwell	3/6/83	190	85	-
43	Jason Roe	13/3/84	190	84	-
44	Tom Hooker	11/6/84	184	84	-
45	Steven Eichner	5/3/84	188	85	-



absolute 'n utter Codswallop

Codswallop is sick to bloody death of all this "Big Four" bollocks. Let's get serious it is and only ever has been The Big One.

The Big Four Conspiracy

What's all this bollocks I sometimes read about the Big Four. If you're not familiar with the term it refers to the big four Victorian clubs, allegedly Essendon, Carlton, Richmond and us. A recent survey showed that almost one in five Victorians support the Pies (20%) and yet the other three make up about only 30% between them. The other half support the other 6 Vic clubs, some die-hards still support the Swannettes and Fitzroy and some extremely peculiar people support those clubs from the western states.

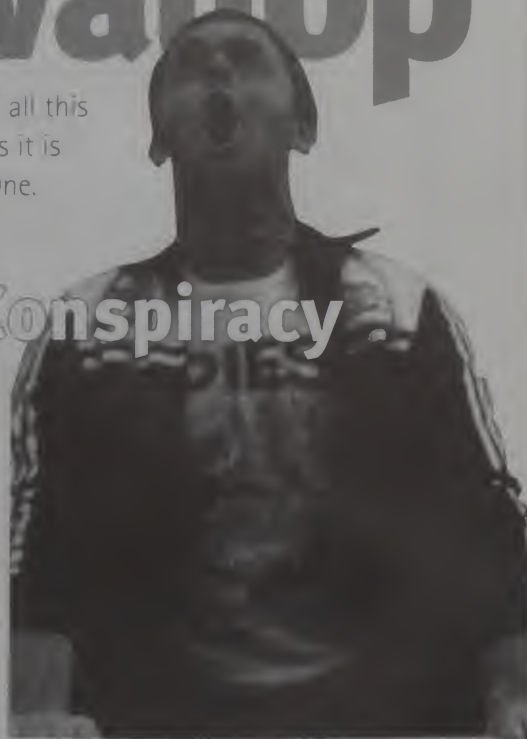
One in five is pretty phenomenal when you think about it. And this year it has been borne out by the statistic of the first Vic club breaking 40,000 members.

I say Essendon, Carlton and Richmond are allegedly part of the big four but I should say that the concept of the Big Four is itself codswallop.

We may as well make it the Big Five and invite freakin' Hawthorn along to the party. Membership of the Big Four offers no special privileges or rights and it exists only in the minds of mostly deluded Richmond supporters and a few squibby journos.

My point is, how could anybody be compared to Collingwood. Even Essendon couldn't muster above 36,000 members when they have enjoyed a fairly good run a couple of years ago and indeed have so for the last 20 years.

Their numbers have now plummeted as all their girlie members have deserted them. Richmond's members have finally looked in the mirror and faced one helluva'n ugly reality and are down to about 23,000 members.



Carlton have been in the low-mid 20,000's for the last few years and now that they are bankrupt, corrupt and generally f'cked a few of their more wealthy fans have invested in thousands of memberships each and their total has busted 30,000 for the first time ever.

A bit bloody late you can hear Jack saying, imagine the things I could have wasted all that extra revenue on.

Let's compare the teams on the park at the moment.

Carlton are bloody hilarious. All the old rats are jumping the sinking ship, the young bloods are about as untalented as some of those great Richmond sides of the mid 80s through to early 90's and it is now widely known that nearly everybody in the club except Big Nick hates Denise Pagan's guts. (see next item)

Oh, and they're lying in 15th.

Richmond have, like Carlton, provided the Mighty Pies with some great percentage fodder in recent weeks. Unlike Carlton they seem to like their coach. It must be his impressive credentials – long career with the biggest basket case, loser creed, non-achieving club in history and then served a masterful apprenticeship as Reserves coach of a wooden spoon winning club (who shall remain nameless at this point). However, as much as they love him, they can't seem to play for him.

A 9-game losing streak last year followed by an 8-game streak this year. Hmmm, it's saying something to me but I can't quite put my finger on it... Add to their current woes their inglorious past 20 years and you have one great big bunch of sour and bitter supporters (sorry, I forgot they're passionate as well!).

The funny thing about Richmond is that they have some cattle but they're just a bunch of individuals who are too scared to get in the kitchen when the heat is on. It's sad really.

And then there's the Bombers. Had one of the most dominant teams in history... for five minutes and came out of it with one flag.

Remember all the posturing about brotherhood and pay cuts to keep the core group together to win a bunch of flags.

So where are Hardwick, Caracella, Blumfield, Heffernan et al now playing?

The rest of the so-called greatest team ever now resemble a bunch of old geriatric cripples with dementia – Mercuri, Allesio, the crap Johnson, Barnard, Hird, Fletcher, Sheedy... the list goes on.

Can somebody remind me who they had to beat in the Granny to win that single flag. Was it somebody half decent or was it a bunch of no-hopers playing above themselves like Melbourne. It wasn't very memorable and it ain't coming to me.

So I'm proposing a new big Vic club grouping term. I'm calling it The Big One. And I'm putting all the clubs that can truly lay claim to the status of being a super-club into this group. I've established a criteria and determined, based on compare-ability, who should go in this top grouping.

Basically, as you all know, nobody comes close to the Collingwood Football Club.

So there you have it. I'm giving the Big Four the Big Finger and establishing The Big One.

For those other clubs stricken by identity crises and

desperately wanting to be like the Pies I have unfortunately grouped them into the following: a middle grouping, called The Big Three Wannabees and a bottom grouping called The Untouchables (note: I don't include non-Victoria clubs in any category because I never consider them at all in anything I do).

Hopefully this new terminology will catch on in other forms of high-brow journalism.

Pagan

As everybody may be aware Codswallop has long been a fan of Denise Pagan. Such an innovator (putt your fat bloke alone in the forward line) and such a motivator (if I could get a kick with an afro then anybody can). And we were particularly delighted when he shafted the struggling club that had made him a somebody let alone the multimillionaire that he would be because they couldn't pay him enough any more and went to bankrupt Carlton. But we are shattered to hear on the grapevine that every single player on the list except that never was been full forward (who coincidentally sports an afro) hates the sight of him. Terrible turn of events really. I wonder what Denise might do after football?



The Michael Bevan Syndrome

What do Michael Bevan, Mickie Martyn and Nathan Burke all have in common?

They all have no qualms about playing for their own personal glory in a team game.

Bevan is the master of the old 'playing for his percentage' style of batting whereas Martyn and Burke have shown that personal glory and statistics are more important than the 'team thing'.

I can understand neither's motivation for wanting to achieve their individual so-called honours.

Martyn has two Premiership medallions in a long and reasonably crap career with the Shinboners. Every single player in the league would swap 300 games to play in one Premiership yet Martyn squanders his reputation by swapping to Carlton of all places merely to obtain a personal milestone.

And why would Burke want to be club record holder of a team devoid of distinction. I'd be bloody embarrassed Wankers.



Team Balance, another excuse for keeping Richo out of the seniors or a genuine philosophy?.

Evidence is mounting that our Supercoach might be onto something with this one.

As we all know Maltby is a 'SNAC' (sensitive new age coach) and takes a wholeistic approach to life and footy. From a wholistic perspective the Pies are a very balanced unit. Sure we have our superstars who grab newspaper headlines day in, day out, but do we really need them? The answer is overwhelmingly 'not as much as we used to'. Just like the seven days of the week there's a little bit of everything on the team list these days. Five days of work and two days of play it's all about balance at Vicky Park.

Monday
It's the start of the working week and the most dreaded. Similar to the dread that most opponents must feel when they know they have to line up on Benny Johnson or Jason Cloke. Monday's are not the most exciting day of the week, but important none the less. A day where we are supposed to knuckle down and do the things what we don't necessarily want to do. This is a blueprint for the way Clokey and B.J. play footy. Not only can you guarantee that they'll turn up, you can also



be assured of hard work and honest reliability. Need I say more
Tuesday
Tuesday is much like Monday except nicer. With Monday sorted and out of the way you can start to lift your sights and get a little excited about what lies ahead. This is what happens whenever Woey gets

his hands on the ball. Sure Tuesday shares alot in common with Monday, but Tuesdays always seem to have a little bit more sparkle and air of opportunity.

Wednesday

Wednesday is anything can happen day. When Rupert, Ryan or Molly get close to the action that's exactly what can happen. Anything. Spontaneous and instinctive. If Wednesday is the 'hump' day of the working week, then these are the guys who punch through the hump. Matchwinners with the best of em'.



Thursdays

Traditionally Thursdays is Pension cheque day and at Collingwood that can only mean Richo and Josh. Wise and worldly, every Thursday their confidence is contagious as a group of teenagers prepare for the weekend. What sort of week would it be without Thursday?

Friday

Friday is a day of youthful exuberance. Practical jokes, knocking off early, Friday night piss ups and tuning receptionists. Did someone say Alan Didak and Leon Davis? With that 'Friday on my mind' attitude and devil may care approach they are

a party waiting to happen. The venue, The Collingwood forward line!

Saturday

Saturday would be nothing without Saturday night. Forget the housework it's all about the action. Tazza and Pebbles are all about action of one sort or another. They are to footy, what mirror balls are to dance floors.



Sunday
Sunday's is reflective and earnest. Visiting the folks for a Roast and doing what's right. Earnest and noble that's Presti, Jimmy and Wakes. Who else would your mum rather dish up a burnt Roast to than these outstanding members of the community



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Reflections

with *Laura Pinkstone*

Lately I have been getting a lot of emails in my inbox featuring advertisements for different methods of penis enlargement.

Stuff like herbal pills and little machines that add girth and length and respect amongst women and menfolk alike. As much as I'm flattered by the attention I have to ask why are they sending me these emails? I'm female and I'm not a Richmond footballer, or supporter, so why me?

Luckily this sort of business has never been a problem at Victoria Park and lucky for me my ex-fiance would have no need to respond to these emails. M (that's not his real name, only an initial) had a tremendous physical presence both inside and outside the bedroom.

The problem for me was that he was a little bit too physical, and that impacted on my sexual thinking in a way that was negative for our relationship.

Remember that song that used to go 'who were you thinking of when we were making love last night?', well in our intimate moments when he was assuming the role of human jackhammer, my mind would slowly wander from name to name on the Collingwood playing list.

The more passionate he was, the less I thought of him and the more I thought of Copeland medalists, and young draftees, and sometimes even the coaching and administration staff.

I felt guilty about this for a long time. I confided with an Indian girl at work and she told me to get into the habit of thinking about monkeys in trees while I made love.

She told me to imagine the monkey's swinging from branch to branch and that would make my mind drift.

It worked for about three minutes until one of the monkey's turned into Heath



Scotland, and the branch he was hanging from snapped and impaled me in way

I can't describe, even in an articulate moment like this.

One night after a few white wines I told my mother. There is nothing between us. (I tell her everything.)

I was shocked and relieved at the same time when she told me that she had experienced similar feelings during her married life.

"The same happened between me and your father" she said. "He was a virile, handsome man but when the lights were turned out I always imagined him to be Teddy Potter, or Max Pitt, or Terry Waters.

I didn't have the heart to tell him but I know he began to think something was wrong when I urged him to wear ankle straps to bed.

He would say 'Why' and not knowing how to respond I would say 'Why not? But he wore them to please me and I will always be grateful.'

M and I eventually went our separate ways. I asked him to wear Collingwood socks to bed, and eventually the penny dropped.

He wanted an explanation and so I told him the truth. He told me it was either him or the playing list.

"You can't have both," he said. "You've buttered your bread, now you have to sleep on it."

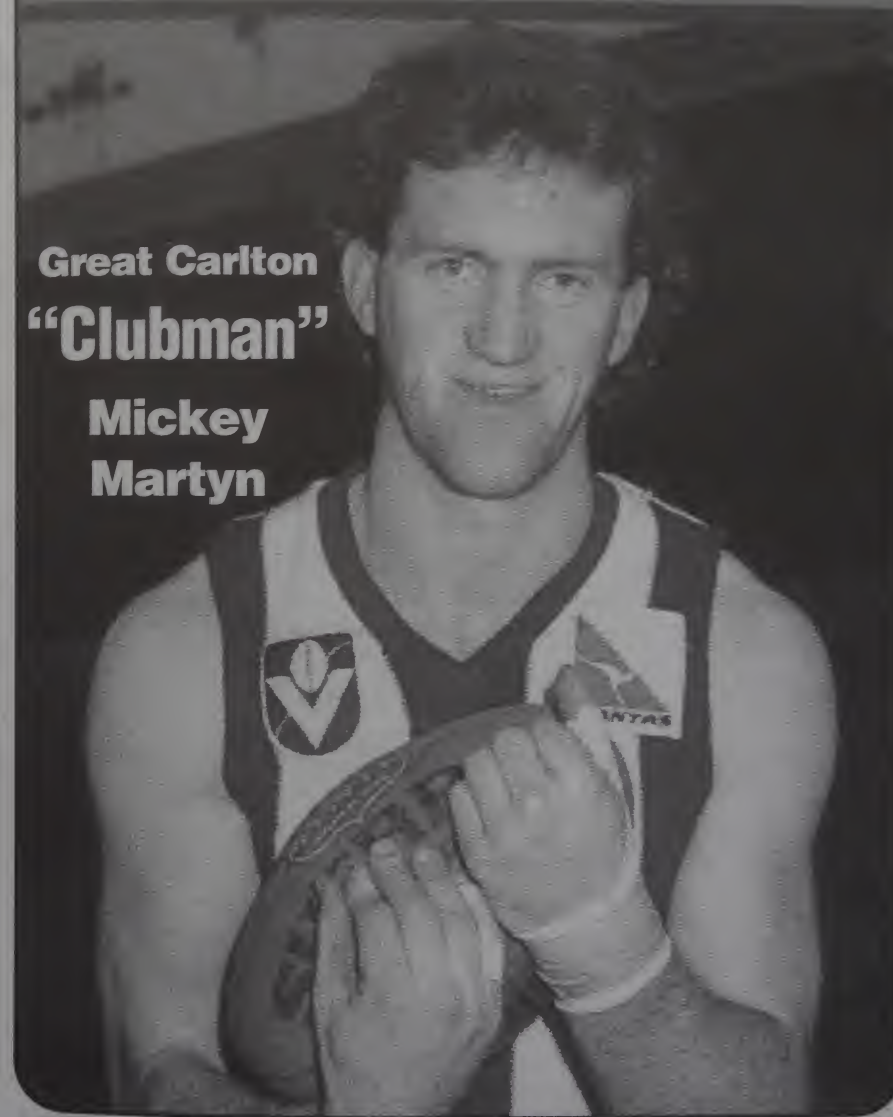
I made my choice and left my sex bomb fiancé. Yes, I experience my regrets late at night when I should be sleeping, but the one thing I will never come to terms with is the mental image of my father naked wearing a pair of ankle straps.

I suppose men did things like that in the 1960s.

Great Footy Oxymorons No. 195

MICHAEL "MIMMY" MARTYN

**Great Carlton
"Clubman"
Mickey
Martyn**



It was a cold wet wintery day back in 1981 as traditional rivals Murrumbidgee High School took on Caulfield High on that oval you see on the TV behind Caulfield racecourse, about 1600 metres from the winning post. It was late in the final quarter with us Beemo boys leading by a few points when I took a diving chest mark deep in the forward pocket and had an opportunity to kick the sealer. It had been a spiteful match (our goal umpire and I had earlier been sent off for striking), so, like a midget in a butcher shop, the stakes were high.

Recycled Recruits

by Ramon Dadd

As I walked back for my kick, I visualised the supernatural goalkicking deeds of my heroes — McKenna, Carman and the emerging superstar goalkicker, Peter Daicos. I was pumped and ready to kick us to glory when "IT" happened. Our coach, a mad Pies fan, let fly with what he obviously thought was to be an inspiring call from the boundary: "Cmon Brewer, you can do it!"

BREWER!!!!???? How the hell was Brewer supposed to inspire me???? (He hadn't even yet had his moment of stardom as the hero kicking the winning goal in the BT 1st Semi over the Roys)?? As you can appreciate, after such a deflating moment, I missed the goal.

This wasn't the only deflating faux pas from our Mad Pie coach. Earlier in the season, my Pies mate Pete was given a tagging job on some Melbourne HS superstar who was cutting us to pieces. At the time, the coach encouraged him with a "Cmon Stopper (David) Young, you can do the tagging job on the bloke in the red boots" and continued to call him Stopper Young all season.

So there it was, two junior footballers at the critical stage of our football life and on the cusp of a promising senior football career referred to as a couple of recycled recruits. So, ala Carrie Bradshaw from Sex and the City here comes an article to explore the image of the recycled recruit. Why is it that they rarely make the grade in the performance stakes or in the eyes of the supporters? You rarely see their number on the back of the kids' footy jumpers or duffle coats... hmmm, come to think of it you don't see any duffle coats anymore, but you know what I mean.

The recycled recruit is generally a case of the Good, the Bad or the Ugly and it's a rarity to get a Great, from a playing side, they're usually serviceable at best or dud at worst. And from a "character" perspective they're usually pretty low key and don't usually develop into cult figures or provide too much excitement for the fans.

The Greats

Bucks and Petbles are two exceptions and quite frankly I don't include them in the recycled recruits brigade anyway. I prefer to see them as permanent Pies players as they were always going to be at Vic Park and their time at Brissie and Swannies was just an anomaly of the draft.

A couple of greats over the years on performance and cult status include BT and Clokey. Both were great contributors and also great characters who were warmly embraced by the club and supporters as "one of us". Who can forget BT's goalkicking feats

(and feet — mainly the right one) and also his regular rough house tactics? And Clokey... He wasn't quite the gun CHF we wanted, but made a bloody great ruckman (and made a couple of bloody good sons too). He also gave us a laugh with some of his "Gabbo like" runs and his fine kicking style. I still remember one day at Waverley when his shot at goal took a dive, which went further than the ball.

Of our current crop, we've actually defied the trend somewhat. Licka's made the grade based on playing performance (after two Copelands and that game in the Qualifying Final). Jarrod Molloy instantly became one of us and a Pies cult hero with his passion and bash it crash style of play. And some other relative newcomers, Clement, Woewoodin and Handy Andy Williams, have got the potential to get into the good or great category if they continue to deliver the goods on the field.

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The Good

Russell Ohlsen (ex Carlton) — "He's tattooed, tough and a ball of muscle. His name is Ohlsen, first name Russell." Made the move in 79 and for good reason as he never fitted in with the Blues with the tats and missing front teeth. Coodabeen famous for being the first Norm Smith Medalist in a winning Pies 79 GF if he hadn't been king hit mid 2nd quarter.

Jungle Jim McAllester (ex Footscray) — "He might look like a country bumpkin and a bit dim. But he's a Pies legend our Jungle Jim". A cult hero amongst us and was ahead of his time with his versatility to play full forward or full back, famous for his haul of 7 goals at the SCG in 84 and being reported for his "insulting gesture" (the old "German" or "stick this fist up your clacker" signal) to the umpire at Windy Hill when Big Salmon was giving him a touch up. Also provided entertainment in the social club, one night his neck muscles collapsed as he almost fell asleep standing at the bar during a big drinking session. Sadly the big number 46 only graced our fields for 10 games due to injury and the Social Club for 2 years.

Shane Morwood — (ex Sydney Swans) — "He's a gun backman, so don't play him forward. He's a silky smooth mover that Shane Morwood". Started out as a high priced scapegoat with his hunchback look, sheep-like hairstyle and really bad facial hair, but developed into the general of the backline of the "all conquering" 90 Premiers. Also developed, and maintained beyond the call of duty (and good fashion sense), a great mullet.

Craig Davis (ex Carlton to North) — "Stood tall in those bad Grannies when the opposition did shade us. Unlike his offspring you could rely on Craig Davis." Good honest reliable goalkicker who gave 100% and stood up in all those finals in the late 70s and early 80s.

Doug Barwick (ex Fitzroy) — "He ran hard and fast and was a booming long kick. He was a premiership hero, our Dougie Barwick." Famous for those booming 100 metre drop punt goals, belting big straws O'Dwyer and snagging two goals in the 90 GF victory.

Ron Andrews (ex Essendon) — "He might have played some footy at Esson Don. But he's a Magpie now is our Rugged Ron." Only played one year in 84 but the best bit about Ronnie playing at the Pies is that it really pisses off those few non 90s ft 00s bandwagon Bomber supporters that actually remember the 70s ft 80s.

Slammin Sam Kekovich (ex North) — "It was only 4 games but he went 'wham and bam!'. But sadly Vic Park wasn't big enough for both Kinky and Sam." Played 4 games in 77 and is fondly remembered in one of 'em where he crashed his way to 3 goals to beat Carlton.

The Bad

Ian Low (ex Footscray) — "He was short ft stocky, bearded ft slow. That was our number 16, Ian Low." My only memories of him is missing the first shot at goal in the 80 GF (that was the turning point in the game, I knew we were gone when he missed that one). Can't remember him doing anything else apart from trying to look like Kevin Morris (another recycled recruit). I'm just glad my coach didn't call me "Lowey" on that fateful day.

Peter Bradbury (ex Essendon) — "Sadly he went to boiled lollies from chocolates (Cadbury). That's former Bomber, Peter Bradbury." Only memory of him is being cleaned up ft stretched by Dorcich and embarrassing us in the next few weeks by wearing a helmet.

Graeme Atkins (ex North) — "All good rovers should mop up the ball like Handee Napkins. But sadly not our Graeme Atkins." The first class rover we were looking for but didn't find in this bloke. Famous for his matchwinning goal in our 9 goal comeback over Richmond at Waverley in 87, but that's about all he did.



Ray Byrne (ex Carlton) - "His teammates kicks he'd make them earn. Coz his name was Ray 'Hospital Handball' Byrne. A fixture on the HBF in the Hafey era and was mostly serviceable but, renowned for his hospital handballs, the most famous being his set-up of Andy Ireland for a clinical Lethal Leigh shirtfront. In hindsight, with Andy going on to the GM job in Brisbane, it was probably a visionary and inspired act.



COLLINGWOOD

Greg Smith (ex Sydney) - "Was termed the Bionic Man in the town where you sit down to plth. Was more like the Invisible Man for the Pies, was our recruit Greg Smith." Struggled on the field at Pie Land but was a likeable rogue in the Social Club who got in a few punch ups in the disco on a Saturday night.

The Ugly

Graeme Teasdale (ex South Melbourne) - "Only 14 games for us, he was a bit of a sleazer. Got him 5 years too late we did, our Graeme Teaser" Did nothing for us, apart from his knee. His only contribution to the memory bank was giving the then Footscray's Jim McAllester a piggyback in the goalsquare after shepherding a Pies goal.



Glenn McLean (ex Melbourne) - "His stats sheets at the Pies were always clean. He was our rucking costly ruckman, Glenn McLean." We fell for the old three card trick here, where he played one decent game against us so we chased him with a big cheque book and a host of lawyers for a grand return of 2 games - he did however win the runner up B&F in the Rezzies. Retired shortly afterwards to concentrate on playing his guitar.

Geoff Raines (ex Richmond) - "When you cut his pay packet it really pains. And that's when you lose Geoffrey Raines. Played a few blinders but was not there in our hour of need. Pulled out of the 84 Prelim Final team injured and we got pumped and then pulled out completely in 86 when the money ran out. Apparently now models the "Hey Presti" product after seeing the recent Hot Pies advertisement.

Warwick Irwin (ex Fitzroy) - "A big pack of players or a hard ball has him sqwirmin. He's prize recruit, Warwick Irwin." Cost us lots and delivered little, apart from winning the Pies' "Most like a Porn Star" award for his nice tan, porno mo and flowing locks.

Alan Edwards (ex Richmond) - "With no knees he couldn't deliver us the goods. But he tried his heart out, our Butch Edwards." Most famous, in my eyes, for his performance in the crowd in Bay 13 at the one day cricket when he tipped the contents of his esky all over the girl in front of him after she declined his advances late in the day.

So there we have it, just a few of the recycled recruits over the past 20 years or so. The list of recycled recruits, like the forehead of Gwen from The Bachelor II, goes on and on and on. And just like being a bachelor and trying to pick up at the Pies Social Club Disco in the good old days, for every good one, there were about 10 shockers. Let's hope the current crop can defy this trend and lift themselves into the "great" category over the next few years.

Oh,, and the result of that Beena High vs Caulfield High game? We clung on to a well earned victory, no thanks to my shot at goal.

Our coach? Well lets just say as a coach he made a good Economics and Politics teacher. And the two budding junior players? We took the coach's hint and hung up our boots at the end of that year and went to watch the Pies instead.



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mad mick

In the first part of his three part series Mad Mick looked at Collingwood past and what is to come of our spiritual home, Vicky Park. In this issue he looks further into the next home of the Pies - Olympic Park - and asks the burning questions that nobody else has thought of or could be bothered asking and then updates us on Vicky Park utilising the bullet point format.



Olympic Park - home sweet home?

WHAT WE KNOW.

The old Glasshouse has been gutted.

As you read this the Club will be turning the first sod on their new training, administrative and social base at Olympic Park.

It has been touted as a showpiece facility within Melbourne's magnificent sporting precinct which will include: a 500 seat restaurant, a theatre, a 70m indoor running track, a swimming pool, a museum and a sporting emporium.

WHAT WE DON'T KNOW.

The potential is enormous and the Club has a great opportunity to create something special. But will it feel like home? What is the special "it" that will make this house feel like home?

WHAT IT COULD BE?

On paper these facilities sound terrific. But what will they look like? How will we use it?

Current social club facilities at Victoria Park and the MCG are more Coles Cafeteria than Crown. This is understandable. Why would you spend when you're moving out?

But the Club faces a huge challenge to build something that steps up from the big telly/cold beer/large barn style of social club. It must cater for the Club's ever widening demographic reach and socio/economic backgrounds. Bogan, yuppie, corporate or one for the Mums and Dads? The challenge is to find something for all.

THE FAÇADE

Can Eddie really get away with the audacious Magpie signage shown in some early designs?

SOCIAL CLUB

- Will it be the place to watch interstate games?
- Will it be the place to celebrate a win?
- Will it be the meeting place for country and interstate supporters?
- Will the facilities stand alone as an attractive venue for non-members to cash in the site's proximity to other major sports venues?

SPORTS FACILITIES

- Will these be for the exclusive use of the players?
- Will the Club open gym facilities up to members and locals?

MUSEUM

What an enormous task given the Club's history. What will be in the museum? Will it be interactive? How will it cater for a growing history?

THE MOVE

If you've got a free weekend Eddie & Co could use a hand loading stuff into their rent-a-trucks around May next year.

VICTORIA PARK - UPDATE

Mad Mick recently attended a local community meeting to discuss the old ground with members of CARR (Collingwood & Abbotsford Residents Association). It was heartening that local residents, traditionally not great supporters of the football club, were unanimous in their support to retain the football ground. Some great ideas came out of the meeting and Hot Pies readers, including:

- retain the name Victoria Park
- retain the football ground for use by local junior football clubs/Auskick
- possibly retain/restore one grandstand
- walls to come down, open up the space and surround the park with trees
- no housing developments on the site
- use rooms under Ryder and Sherwin stands for indoor sporting facilities
- establish a covered children's playground and childcare facility
- put in a running track similar to The Tan
- establish a cafe overlooking the park
- erect a permanent historic monument to the CFC's 100+ year association, some ideas were:
- flagpoles at each corner of the park with a link back to CFC
- large wooden Magpie sculpture like the large eagle at Docklands
- local artists to design a series of sculptures portraying the history of CFC and Victoria Park.

But the game is far from over so if you can add to this vision and send your ideas to hotpies@vicnet.net.au



Hot Pies gives back by giving you the opportunity to....

WIN A SLAB!

Jason and Cam's Big Brother Brain Teaser



S U E

O S U E

M O U S E

A M O U S E

....."What do we wish the Clokey boys had?

_ _ _ _ T _ C H _

How to Win a Slab.

Simply write your name and answer on the form below, tear it out and put it in the 'Hot Pies competition box' on the bar at 'The Locker Room' @ Telstra dome before 3/4 time of the Collingwood vs. Adelaide Game (Round 20, 2003). Winners will be announced after the game by the rockin' DJ. You have to be there when your name is called out to win, provide I.D. and be over 18 years of age to play. Here's a tip, no one has ever responded to a Hot Pies competition before so your chances of winning are pretty good!

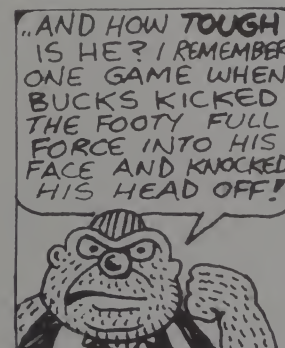
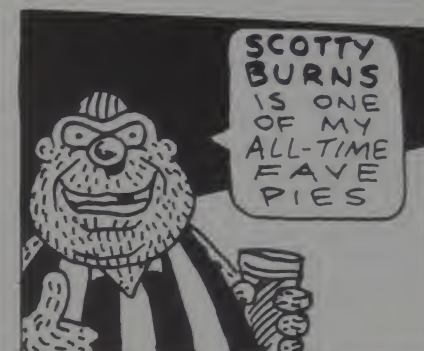
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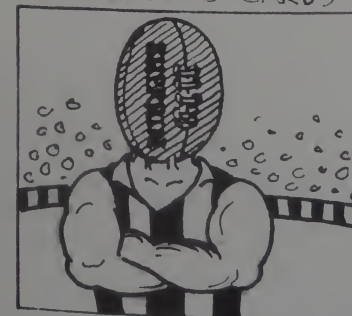


BUT HE PLAYED THE GAME OUT HEADLESS!

NOT ONLY THAT BUT HE GOT B.O.G KICKED 4 GOALS AND DRANK ALL NIGHT AT THE CASINO



THEY ENDED UP SEWING THE FOOTY THAT BUCKS KICKED ON TO HIS NECK (WHICH LOOKED GOOD ON A SCANLON'S CARD)



HIS HEAD MEANWHILE WENT ON TO WIN THE BIG PRIZE ON 'WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE?' AND WAS LAST SEEN ROMANTICALLY LINKED WITH NICOLE KIDMAN...



EXCELLENT AS MONTH BURNS WOULD SAY GRAPHIC

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We want it all. Email to hotpies@vicnet.net.au, 400 words and pics are a bonus. Entries close August 31.

